SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. >

VOLUME XV.-NUMBER 39.3

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

(TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Choice Boetry.

THOUGHTS.

OT SARAH H. LURIAS, OF LONDON. They were together side by side, The living hero and the dead. The Emperor in his martial pride, Surrounded by his warriors tried: The King within his narrow bed; While many a blood-stained hanner Its shadow, as above it hung!

Ah! who may tell what thoughts were rife Within Napoleon's mighty breast. As there, instinct with health and life. Though fresh from scenes of gory strife, He bent above the monarch s rest! Or what comparisons might spring. As Fancy sourced on Memory's wing!

Each bore a halo-circled name, Traced deep in giory's high record; Each shared an equal thirst for fame— Stern and unyielding—each the same Fierce grasper of the crown and sword: Though one, by lineage, claimed his right, The other wrested it by might!

Rose then before his mental view, The past, in all its dark array! Saw he, in shades of fearful hae, The long career of crime that crelong career of crime that grew t of that and display? of he the heart-wrong grouns of all on tyranny had doomed to fall?

Pierced be the meretricious glare
Which glory wrapped around his brow!
Saw he, in truth, how futile were
The schemes of wild ambition there,
Since what was Frederick now!
A heap of mouldering dirt alone—
The level of the lowliest one!

Of what avail were pomp and state,
The laureled wreath of bright renown?
E en while with victory clate.
Checked by the iron hand of Fate,
The conqueror was stricken down!
And, powerless to avert his doom,
Lay captive in the silent tomb!

Ah! was one thought evoked, that &e,
He, too, must bend beneath the sway—
All-powerful though he then might be,
And proud of his high deatiny—
Of one whom none may disobey!
That he, whom nations fled before,
Must one day fall, to rise no more!

God knows if in his pride of power,
He laid this lesson to his heart;
Or if, in that deep, solemn hour,
He might from death's sepulchral bower
A sadder, better man depart;
Yet on he went, from field to field,
Till forced himself at last to yield!

Then, when ambition's dream was o'er;
When glory's sun no longer shone;
When on St. Helena's rocky shore,
Which, Kring, he might leave no more,
He paced, an exile lone;
The slare, yet snader of his fate—
His greatness gone—himself more great—

Might not the memory of that hour lie spent beside Great Frederick's tomb, In all the plenitude of power, Ere Fortune's clouds began to lower, Have reconciled him to his doom?

Ah, yes! 'twere hard to say that one Whom adverse Fate had overtaken; Who meteor-like no longer shone. Whose every earthly hope was gone, Was yet by higher hope forsaken! th! he who once had seeffed at all, Perchance owned mercy in his full.' ' It was midnight, October 6, 1800.

Select Story.

JACK LONG; -OR.-

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1872.

WHITE CLOUD, KANNAS THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1872

STATE OF ST

WHOLE NUMBER, 767.

| Table | Land |